

N°17
APRIL-MAY

IND.

AMERICAN
COMIC BOOK
ACG

MAKE WAY FOR THE FAT FURY...

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

12¢

READ 'EM AND ROAR!
HERBIE, POPNECKER & PILGRIM!
plus
GRAND SURPRISE FEATURE.
Don't Miss It!

WISE GUY.

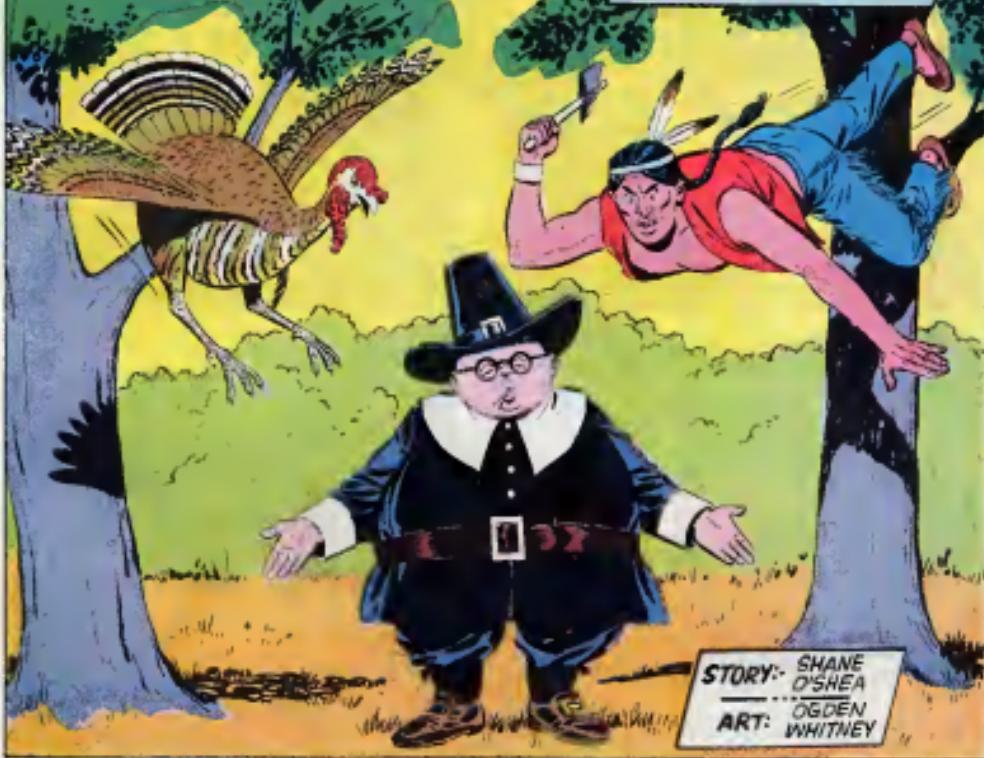
HERBIE



TIME FOR POPNECKER'S PERSONAL HISTORY OF AMERICA! HILARIOUS HISTORY, STRAIGHT FROM THE FAT HORSE'S MOUTH! WATCH IT UNFOLD, BUT DON'T DARE TRY TO INTERFERE... NOT IF YOU VALUE YOUR TEETH, JACK! JUST BUTTON YOUR LIP AND COME ALONG WITH...

HERBIE

"POPNECKER
the PILGRIM!"



STORY: SHANE O'SHEA
ART: OGDEN WHITNEY

IT ALL STARTED INNOCENTLY ENOUGH...

WHAT?
OH,
N-NO!

SOMETHING--

THIS FIRM OF ATTORNEYS THAT JUST CALLED-- THEY FOUND OUT SOMEHOW THAT I'M DESCENDED FROM MYLES STANDISH. AND-- AND IT SEEMS THEY REPRESENT THE DESCENDANTS OF JOHN ALDEN-- AND-- AND THEY'RE SUING ME FOR MILLIONS! THEY CLAIM IS DUE THEM FROM A DERT GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER STANDISH NEVER PAID THEM!

NEAR AS I CAN MAKE OUT, IT WAS FOR MYLES' PASSAGE OVER ON THE MAYFLOWER. THEY CLAIM HE NEVER PAID IT-- AND THE INTEREST HAS PILED UP OVER THE HAW-CENTURIES! HAW-HAW!

NEVER HEARD ANYTHING SO FUNNY IN MY LIFE-- SUING YOU! JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE HIS DESCENDANT--

WHAT KIND OF DBBT?



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MAYBE YOU WON'T
THINK IT'S SO FUNNY
WHEN I REMIND YOU
THAT AS MY HUSBAND,
YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE
FOR MY DEBTS!

I...I AM? SAY,
THAT'S RIGHT...
I AM! GULP!

MILLIONS... WHERE AM I
GONNA GET THE MILLIONS
I HAVEN'T GOT SO THEY
CAN TAKE 'EM AWAY
FROM ME AND IF I
DON'T PAY, I'LL
GO TO
JAIL...

TCH, TCH.
CAN'T STAND
TO SEE HIM
WORRY. HAVE
TO DO
SOMETHING.

PRETTY GOOD DUMMIE, AND
THEY'RE BOUND TO DO
LIKE SIGN SAYS. THEY'LL
FIGURE I DON'T EAT WHILE
I SLEEP... LOSE WEIGHT
THAT WAY, THAT'LL GIVE
ME TIME TO
OPERATE.

VERY
TIRED
FOR
SLEEPING
FOR
WEEK
DON'T DISTURB



USE THIS SPECIAL TIME
LOLLIPOP TO GO BACK
TO PILGRIM ERA. FIND OUT
WHETHER MYLES STANDISH
REALLY OWED THAT MONEY
TO JOHN ALDEN--
SEE WHAT I CAN
DO ABOUT
IT.



ON MY WAY
BACK THROUGH
TIME.

MAYFLOWER HADN'T
EVEN LANDED YET-- THERE
SHE COMES. LOLLIPOP
MUST HAVE BEEN
FAST.

1917

1880

1862

1850



THUD!



GONA LAND HERE.
SOMEBODY'S GOTTA GIVE
'EM WELCOME... BET
THEY'LL BE GLAD TO
SEE ME.



QUICKLY, THE PILGRIM SETTLERS RAISED
THEIR HOMES, PRE-FABRICATED, YOU
KNOW...



WE'LL PUT
THE SWIMMING-
POOL RIGHT
BEHIND THE
CABIN...



I WANT
A PATIO

...YOU
PROMISED!

GARAGE!
HOW WILL I
GET TO THE
SUPERMARKET
OR PTA MEET-
INGS WITHOUT
A CAR--?

AT THE BEGINNING, THERE WERE HARDSHIPS
...LIKE THE BEATNIK INDIANS, WHO COULD
HEAR A DINNER-BELL FOR MILES...



AH, YES---THOSE BEATNIK INDIANS---
WOTTA SENSE OF HUMOR...



BURNING THE COLONISTS' CABINS...THAT WAS FREQUENT...



BUT HERBIE KNEW NOTHING OF THIS. HE'D COME HERE TO GET THE REAL LOWDOWN ON THAT DEBT...



MY, BUT HE'S UGLY.



CAME TO FIND OUT WHY YOU DIDN'T PAY PASSAGE OVER.

IS JOHN ALDEN STILL AFTER ME FOR THAT, JUST BECAUSE HE OWNS THE MAYFLOWER?

WELL, THAT ROBBED ME OF 20 BUCKS, THAT'S WHY! IT ISN'T WORTH 20 BUCKS TO BE CARTED TO A COCKAMAMIE COUNTRY

FULL OF INDIANS, ESPECIALLY WHEN I'M SCARED OF INDIANS!



YOU GO TELL THAT ALDEN THAT EITHER HE GIVES ME A BIG DISCOUNT ON MY FARE OR HE CAN WHISTLE FOR THE DOUGH.

SEE?

DISCOUNT ON FARE. WHISTLE FOR DOUGH.



WHO'S GOT TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THINGS LIKE THAT WHEN THE VERY EXISTENCE OF THE COLONY IS IN DANGER? YOU TELL THAT JERKY STANDISH THAT IF HE CURBS THE INDIAN TROUBLE, I'LL CUT THE PRICE HE OWES ME, BUT THAT'S THE ONLY WAY!



CURBS INDIANS, CUT PRICE. ONLY WAY.

MYLES STANDISH SCARED OF INDIANS
--- WHAT DO I DO NOW?
WHY CAN'T I THINK STRAIGHT?



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

OF COURSE---NEVER CAN
THINK STRAIGHT UPSIDE
DOWN---WANT TO HAVE
SOMETHING DONE RIGHT,
GOTTA DO IT YOURSELF.
I'LL GO TO INDIANS, FIX
WAGONS GOOD.



COULD TRY
REASON
WITH
INDIANS,
OTHER
HAND,
COULD
GET
TOUGH.



WOODYA
MEAN
BUTTIN'
INTA MY
WOODS,
JERK?

SOMEONE?
WHO
SPOKE?

ME SPOKE
...I MEAN, I
SPOKE. FATED!
WANNA MAKE
SOMETHIN'
OUTA IT?

PBTTY PERKY
TURKEY SMILE
WHEN YOU SAY
THOSE
WORDS.

I'M SMILIN'. ALL
RIGHT--- JUST
THINKIN' WOT'S
GONNA HAPPEN TO
YOU! FAT, FAT,
WATER RAT!

TALK, TALK.
YATATA-
YATATA.



ACTION
YOU'RE LOOKIN'
FOR ACTION
YOU'LL GET!

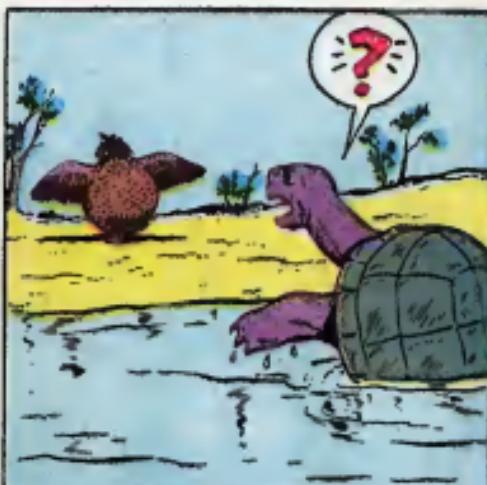
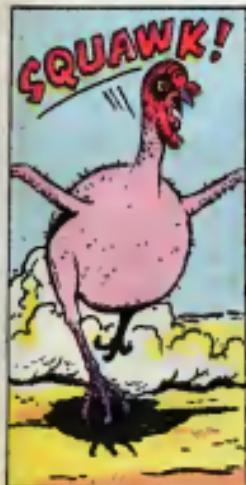
BAM!



HMMMM...



★ BLAM! ★





SEE WHAT I
MEAN ? WEATHER
BAD AROUND
HERE--YOU
FELLA'S OUGHTA
MOVE.

BUT EVEN HERBIE CAN GET OUT
OF PATIENCE! AT LAST...

TCH, TCH.
WON'T
LISTEN TO
REASON.

SHOOTUM
ARROWS,
BRAVES!

ADIR RAK!

CR RAK!

SWISH! SWISH!

TRIED TO BE PATIENT
... CAN'T SEEM TO GET
THROUGH TO 'EM,
TIRED TALKING...
THINK I'LL SIT
DOWN...

PLUNK!

THWOK!
PLUNK!

:GLUMP!
SOMETHING
STICKING
ME ...

WISE GUYS, HAD
ENOUGH OF THIS.
ENOUGH ARGUMENT.
HATE TALK.

247-W
BOPPING
LOLLIPPOP

FOR INDIAN
CHIEFS WHO DON'T
KNOW WHEN THEY'RE
HAD ENOUGH





(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

**LOOK! UGLY! WARTS
ALL OVER MY UGLY FACE!
HAIR LIKE A RAT'S NEST!
BUCK TEETH! WHY, SHE
WOULDN'T EVEN LOOK
AT ME!**

**SHE WILL,
GOT A WAY
TO FIX
IT.**

**W-WHAT
ARE THOSE
FOR?**

**YOU'LL
SEE.**

**186-R
ANTI-
WART
LOLLIPOP**

**792-X
GREASY
KID
STUFF
LOLLIPOP**

**403-W
MR.
AMERICA
LOLLIPOP**

DEE-LICIOUS!

**THAT WAS
186-R. NOW
TRY 792-X.**

**WHAT
FLAVOR!**

**CAN'T WAIT
TILL I SEE
THIS.
403-W.**

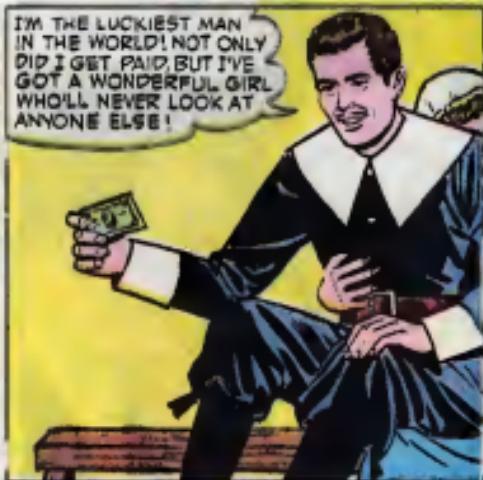
AH-HHH...

**WITCHCRAFT!
WITCHCRAFT!
AND AMIA
DOLL!**

DOLL!

SLURP!





AND SO...BACK TO 1966...

OH, MOM...HAVE I EVER GOT A PROBLEM!
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?



NOW, DAD...
YOU MUSTN'T
WORRY
SO.

NOT WORRY...WHEN I'M
LIABLE FOR THIS HUGE
SUM OF MONEY JOHN
ALDEN'S DESCENDANTS
ARE SUING FOR! I'M
INNOCENT AND SHOULDN'T
HAVE TO PAY! OH, IF
HEAVEN WOULD ONLY
GIVE ME A SIGN...

I REPEAT, IF ONLY
HEAVEN WOULD GET
ME OFF THE HOOK--
WHAT'S THIS?

April 15, 1620
Received from Myles Standish
for passage from England
to Plymouth, \$7.98. And 9
owe this character \$2.02
change from ten bucks.
John Alden

NOT ONLY THAT, UNLESS
DESCENDANTS CAN PRODUCE
RECEIPT PROVING JOHN
ALDEN PAID MYLES
STANDISH \$2.02
CHANGE, YOU
CAN SUE
THEM.

SUE?
FOR SUCH
A TINY
AMOUNT?

WOWIE-ZOWIE!
IT'S A RECEIPT FOR
THE PAYMENT OF STANDISH'S
FARE! ALDEN'S DESCENDANTS
HAVE NOTHING TO SUE
FOR--HEAVEN GAVE
ME THE SIGN!

WAS TINY AMOUNT--
3 1/2 CENTURIES AGO. BUT
ACCORDING TO MY
COMPUTER LOLLIPOP,
INTEREST HAS INCREASED
AMOUNT TO SIX
MILLION
BUCKS!

THE HAPPY END...

HAPPY,
DAD?

THERE'S ONLY ONE
THING THAT COULD
MAKE ME COMPLETELY
HAPPY--AND THAT'S IF
I DIDN'T HAVE A
LITTLE FAT
NOTHING FOR
A SON!

The
END!

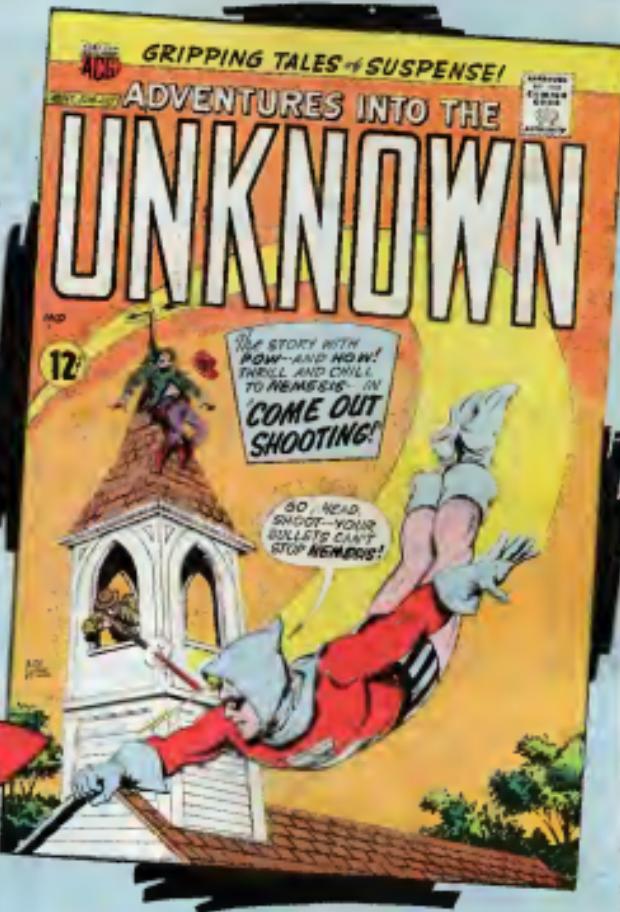
LOOK OUT FOR...

NEMESIS

...THE FABULOUS, FIGHTING COSTUME
HERO FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN!

He's the
**GHOST
WITH THE
MOST**
...a
**PULSING,
POUNDING
POWERHOUSE!**

Follow HIS
BREATHLESS ADVENTURES
INTO MYSTERY
IN AMERICA'S
GREATEST SUSPENSE
STORY COMIC...



**ADVENTURES INTO THE
UNKNOWN!**



HERE'S HERBIE!



Don't miss "Herbie" # 18, our extra-special June-July issue—on sale middle of April! Featuring the fastest, funniest Herbie-Hero story ever! It's loaded with laughs and lard—stuffed with snickers and suet! It's "Calling All Cars! Bring In Fat Fury!"

Great story, that "Bring In Fat Fury", so bay, see? Great follow-up to "Popnecker The Pilgrim" and "Adventure At The Center Of The Earth", this issue's goodies. Well, that's that . . . can't waste anymore time here. Got to pop off on lollipop-buying tour. For company, will leave you letters from readers. Want your letter, too. Send it to "Herbie", 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Advise you to. Otherwise, high hospital bills.

"Dear Herbie:-

Please don't bop me with this here lollipop, but I just found out about you. I think you are great. Your comic book is the best in the world! But you're wrong about having 4,316 laughs per page. Actually, you've got a million! I was wondering . . . could you send me a lollipop licked by you?

—Tom Bellows,
85 Allen Road, Longmeadow, Mass."

If just found out about me, you're just starting to live. I'm even luckier—found out about me years ago. About lollipop licked by me . . . difficult. Get one in mouth, can't let go.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

Here's a song I wrote for you, to be sung to the tune 'We Love You, Beatles'. 'We love you, Herbie—Oh, yes, we do! We love your fatness and we'll be true. When you're not with us, my, we're blue—Which goes to prove how we love you!'

—Celeste Condon,
1140 Greenway, Greenville, Mississippi."

Very fine song, Celeste. Will practice singing it in fat voice. Sure you wrote such a wonderful song?

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

Your comic 'Be aware Of The B-Bomb' was terrific!!! I'd like to ask you a few questions, if you don't mind. (1) Why do you always keep the same expression? (2) How does everybody know you? Back in time and in distant places, almost everybody will say 'There's Herbie!'—or 'Hi, Herbie!' (3) How do you have so many lollipops

in that Lollipop Chest of yours? Because every-time I see you, there's a lollipop sticking out of your mouth. (3) Where were you born? Lastly, I congratulate Ogden Whitney and Shane O'Shea for fine art and stories. A fan forever—

—Mike Mueller, USOM Korea,
APO, San Francisco, Calif. 96301."

(1) Always keep some expression because very fine expression. (2) Why not? Everybody recognizes men and stars, don't they? (3) Not too hard keeping lollipop chest filled. Got standing order for 50 tons per week. (4) Never exactly born. Always was.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

I like all of the American Comics Group comics, but I like your comic best! In fact, I think 'Herbie' is the funniest of all comics, on the stands, in displays, in stores or anywhere else. (And I'm not saying that so that I won't get bopped with your lollipop!) Ogden Whitney's art is great, too. And Shane O'Shea's plots are great, terrific, stupendous, colossal, gigantic—and they might even be called good! I only wish you were published more often!

—Keith Goldsmith,
1528 19th Street, Santa Monica, Calif."

Thanks, Keith. Sweet type. Would like to put you on head, but don't want to run risk of fracturing skull.

* * *

"Dear Herbie Fat Little Nothing Popnecker:-

The only thing I like about you is that you are great. You are also irresistible, fat, you love this here lollipop, fat, cute and cuddly, fat and stupendous. Also fat. My dad won't let me have the \$1.44 for a subscription. Please bop him for me. Please tell me how to be a fat little nothing like you, you fat little nothing. After looking at your magazine, I have made a startling discovery —you are fat!

—Willie Weiss,
876 So. Williams, Denver, Colorado."

What's this Fat Little Nothing business? Emphatically deny. Am Little Fat Nothing! Not easy to get this way, but being born great helps. Refuse

to bop your dad. Other fans glad to work in salt mines to get money for "Herbie" subscriptions.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

I have been reading comics for 5 years and never have I read a comic which comes up to your standard. Getting your comics over here is almost impossible, but should I see 'Herbie' on the stand, I rush for it like a hungry dog for a bone. P.S.: Don't bop me with your lollipop—please, Herbie?

—K. Walby, 16 Ffrwd Terrace, Llanbradach, Caerphilly, Glam, S. Wales, Great Britain."

Admire your address, K. Walby . . . packs some punch as potent lollipop. Warn you against rushing for copies of my magazine . . . lot of people get hurt that way. Try begging your newsdealer . . . sometimes works.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

I think you and your comic are terrific, magnificent and spectacular, to name a few of your bad points. Your story concerning the B-Bomb was tops in satire. Herbie makes James Bond seem like a girl scout! Christopher Columbus Popnecker' really hit the spot. It's a shame the way modern history books twist the true facts. Hooray for Herbie!

—Mark Spiegel,
1130 Elker Road, Union, New Jersey."

Smart of you to like "Herbie" stories, Mark. All true. Every word. Why keep history a mystery? String along with me, get real lowdown.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

Not that we don't like the idiotic things you do in your comics, but we were wondering if you could explain anything as stupid as just happening to have a bicycle pump in your pocket. And in No. 12—"Pincus Popnecker, Private Eye"—we'd like you to tell us how to steal fat off someone. We're real skinny and would like to try it sometime. If we can't steal any fat, would you please send us two butter fat lollipops? We are in great need of fat, no kidding! Why don't you bop someone with that there lollipop sometime? If you ever decide to, write and tell us who and where, so we can see how critically injured the person is. You've got a fabulous comic going there. Keep up the good work!

—Linda & Wayne Samel,
Winfield, Alberta, Canada."

What's strange about just happening to have bicycle pump in pocket? Often have. Also have butterfly net, dinosaur elbow, left-handed Indian peace-pipe. Never can tell when such things come in handy. Could tell you exactly how to steal fat from people with over-supply, but won't. Have too much to lose. Want your curiosity satisfied, will definitely be glad to oblige with demonstration of bopping with this here lollipop. Address: Winfield, Alberta, Canada. Subjects: Linda & Wayne Samel. Just wait around—you won't know what hit you.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

When I read your comics, I keep reading the same ol' corn from your readers about them going through your stories and liking certain ones. Well, I'm not like that, no sirree! I like 'em all and I got 'em all, every single one! And I hope I can continue to get 'em all! Only one of your ever-lovin', cotton-pickin' brainwashed fans—

—Robin (The Hood) Ryherd,
1721 Fairway, Beaumont, Texas."

You got "Herbie" blood in you, Robin The Hood? Like the way you put things. Right to the point. Like you too.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

I have got something to tell you—so you'd better listen or I will bop you with this here golf club! Other comics I always look through to see if I like them—and if I do, I buy them. But when I see a 'Herbie' comic, I just walk over to the rack, pick it out and buy it without even looking inside. I'm tall and skinny and I think that a Little Fat Nothing like you should become tall and skinny like me. Why look so ugly when you can look like me? Matter of fact, I wish that you would come down to North Liberty, Indiana, so I could beat you up.

—Leon Ray Shupert The Great,
Box 444, North Liberty, Indiana."

Got news for you, Leon Ray Shupert The Great. Many of my fans never get to open book. Just put it under shirts, start laughing automatically . . . scream till blue in face. Tall and skinny, are you? Ugh. Not your fault, though. Not everybody can be handsome like me. You got cyclone cellar, in North Liberty, Indiana? Admit diving into one pronto. Cyclone about to hit North Liberty. Fat cyclone.

HUNDREDS OF LETTERS, ALL ASKING
HOW HERBIE STARTED OUT! WAS
HE ALWAYS THE HERBIE OF TODAY?
WELL --- HE WASN'T! THE WAY HE
LOOKED, THE WAY HE SPOKE --- ALL
DIFFERENT! HERE'S YOUR CHANCE
TO MEET HIM AS HE WAS --- BACK
AGAIN FROM OUT OF THE PAST IN
AN EARLY HERBIE CLASSIC---

HERBIE and the SPIRITS!

STORY: SHANE O'SHEA
ART: OGDEN WHITNEY



IT ALL STARTED WHEN...

MOVING MEANT A NEW SCHOOL, AND I'M WORRIED! I --- I HOPE THEY LIKE HIM THERE!

I'M INCLINED TO DOUBT IT. LET'S FACE IT, DEAR...



...OUR BOY IS A LITTLE... WELL,
STRANGE!



HEAR THERE'S A NEW FELLA COMIN' INTO OUR CLASS---A TRANSFER FROM THE EIGHTH WARD SCHOOL OVER AT DALTON.

THAT

PLACE TURNS OUT THE BEST ATHLETES IN THE WHOLE STATE! WE'RE IN LUCK!





(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

HE BIT ALL RIGHT--HE'S
INSIDE ALREADY. NOW TO
FOLLOW HIM AND SCARE
THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF HIM!

BUT AS THEY ROUNDED A TURN
IN THE OLD HALL...



YOU'RE
NOT
HERBIE!

NEVER MIND THAT
...WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE? I
RENTED THIS HOUSE
TO CONDUCT MY
EXPERIMENTS--

EXPERIMENTS?
WHAT KIND?



CONTACTING THE SPIRIT WORLD! I'M A
PROFESSOR OF THE OCCULT AND HAVE
STUDIED THE SUPERNATURAL, CONVINCED
THAT THERE CAN BE A JOINING OF THE
SUPERNATURAL AND NATURAL WORLDS
IN A SO-CALLED "HAUNTED"

HOUSE LIKE THIS!

UH--
SEEN ANY
GHOSTS, DOC?



OH, YES--MANY OF THEM!
IN MY COMMUNICATION WITH
THE SUPERNATURAL, I HAVE
ESTABLISHED A DOORWAY
HERE BETWEEN THE TWO
WORLDS. COME--I'LL
SHOW IT TO YOU!

HERE IT IS--THE DOORWAY THAT
LEADS INTO THE SPIRIT
DIMENSION! WHY, I
HAVE ONLY TO UNLOCK
IT, LIKE THIS--

THIS IS
GOINNA
BE RICH!
BOY, WHAT
A LOONY!





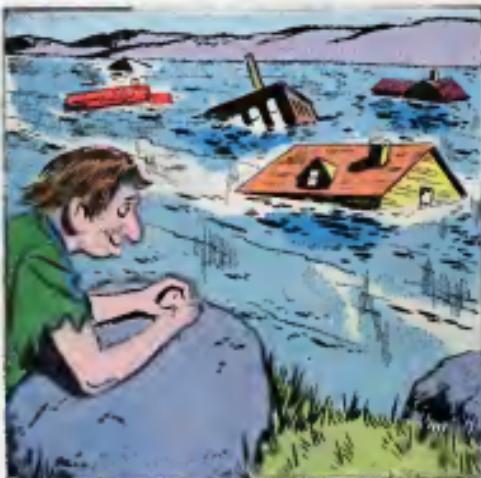
I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK THERE! WHAT SAY WE STAY HERE AND TAKE OVER?

GREAT IDEA! ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS CREATE ENOUGH CHAOS, SPREAD ENOUGH FEAR AND THEY'RE BOUND TO SURRENDER TO US!

AND SO... THE SPIRITS GOT TO WORK...

IT CAN'T MISS! I KNOW THESE HUMANS AND THEY'RE ALL CHICKEN!

CRASH!



BIG HERO!
BIG SHERLOCK
HOLMES!

WE APPOINT YOU
PRIVATE SHAMUS
TO CRACK THE CASE!
GET GOING!

WISE GUYS!
I'LL SHOW THEM
YET!

AT THE MARKINS FARM...

A GOOD DETECTIVE
ALWAYS QUESTIONS ALL
POSSIBLE WITNESSES
--- SO---



YOU! YOU WERE
STANDING HERE ALL THE
TIME, IN FULL VIEW OF THE
HOUSE! WHAT HAPPENED?
START TALKING!

YOU WON'T BELIEVE
IT, HERBIE, BUT IT WAS
A **WITCH**—HONEST!
I SAW HER WITH MY
OWN EYES, SO HELP
ME!

A WITCH? I'M TELLING YOU,
HERBIE, HE'S KOOKY! I WAS
HERE WHEN IT ALL HAPPENED.
AND IT WAS A **GHOST**—
BELIEVE
ME!



THEY'RE BOTH
NUTS! IT WAS A
CREEP!



DON'T LISTEN TO THOSE
DOPES! HERBIE, YOU CAN
TRUST ME—it was
FRANKENSTEIN!

LONG INTO THE NIGHT, HERINE
THOUGHT---AND THOUGHT...

ALL NONSENSE, I'D SAY! WHAT
THE SCARECROW CLAIMS HE
SAW---THE COW---THE PIG---
THE CAT---MASS ILLUSION,
THAT'S WHAT IT MUSTA
BEEN!



SUDDENLY, A STRANGE SHADOW FELL
UPON THE FLOOR. AND LOOKING OUT
WITH A START, HE SAW...

GULP!



AT LAST, HE KNEW WHAT THE WORLD
HAD UP AGAINST! NEXT DAY, AT A TOP
LEVEL CONFERENCE HELD TO
DISCUSS THE EMERGENCY...

THINGS
CAN'T
KEEP ON
LIKE
THIS!

IF ONLY SOMEBODY
COULD FIGURE OUT
WHAT WAS BEHIND
IT ALL, WE'D KNOW
WHAT
STEPS
TO TAKE!
I KNOW
WHAT'S
BEHIND
IT, GENTLE-
MEN!



HUH?
HOW'D YOU
GET IN HERE
---AND HOW
WOULD YOU
KNOW?

NEVER MIND THAT! IF
YOU WANT TO GET TO THE
BOTTOM OF ALL THIS, START
LOOKING FOR FOUR
CHARACTERS---A
WITCH, A GHOST,
A CREEP AND'
FRANKENSTEIN!

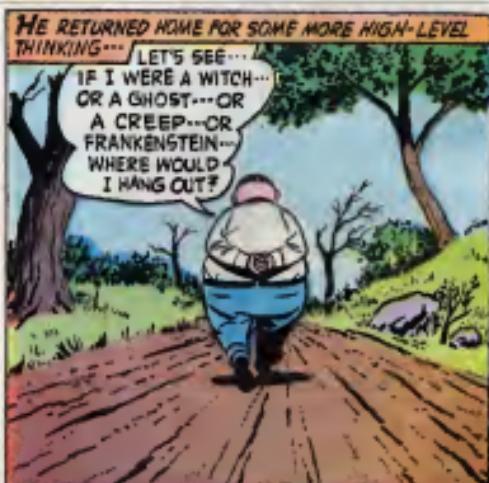


TCH, TCH! I CAN SEE
THAT I'M GOING TO
HAVE TO HANDLE
THIS WHOLE AFFAIR
PERSONALLY!



HE RETURNED HOME FOR SOME MORE HIGH-LEVEL
THINKING... LET'S SEE...

IF I WERE A WITCH---
OR A GHOST---OR
A CREEP---OR
FRANKENSTEIN---
WHERE WOULD
I HANG OUT?





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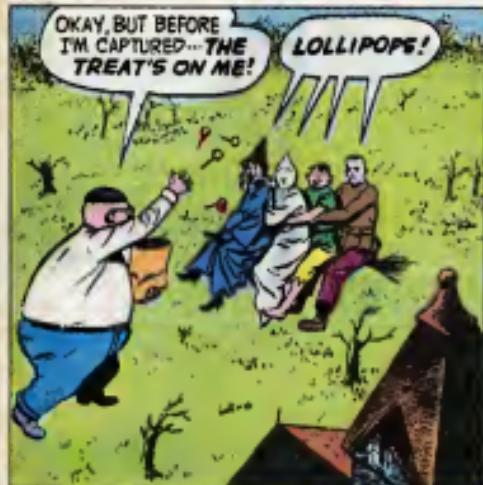


THE ONLY WEAK POINT
I KNOW IS THAT THEY LIKE
LOLLIPOPS, BUT THAT
DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING.
WAIT...MAYBE
IT DOES!

HERE YOU ARE...A LARGE
BOTTLE OF DR. SOOKY'S
SOOTHING SYRUP! I
DIDN'T KNOW THERE
WERE ANY BABIES
AT YOUR HOUSE,
HERBIE!

ER--LET'S
JUST SAY I'VE
GOT A LOT OF
CAGES THAT NEED
PLENTY OF
SOOTHING!





WHEW---I'M GLAD THAT'S DONE! THEY'RE LOCKED AWAY IN THEIR OWN DIMENSION, WHERE THEY CAN'T DO ANY HARM!

BUT YOU CAN'T KEEP SPIRITS QUIET VERY LONG---BY THIS TIME, THEY HAD AWAKENED---

GOLLY, THEY'RE STILL DANGEROUS! AND AS LONG AS THERE'S A POOR FOR THEM TO RETURN THROUGH, THEY MAY FINALLY MAKE IT AGAIN SOMETIME!

THEY'LL KNOCK IT DOWN---WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT IT? WAIT A MINUTE---THE SPIRITS' MAGIC---WHY SHOULDN'T I TRY IT?

BAM! BAM! BAM! WE'LL GET THROUGH YET...AND WHEN WE DO...

CRASH!

THUD!

SPOOKS AND SPIRITS, MIDNIGHT CLEAR---MAKE THIS OBJECT---

...DISAPPEAR!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW---THAT MAGIC JAZZ DID RUB OFF ON ME!

PUFF!

NEXT DAY...

YOU WEREN'T IN SCHOOL YESTERDAY AND I WANT TO KNOW WHY! WELL, WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE? SPEAK UP!

UH...YES'M! YOU SEE...

I...UH...WELL, I HAD TO HELP MY MOTHER WITH HER CROCHETING!

MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT! THAT'S ALL HE'S GOOD FOR, THAT HERBIE!

The END!

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